



A Handefull of pleasant delites,

Containing fundrie new Sonets
and delectable Histories, in
diuers kindes of Meeter.

Newly deuised to the newest tunes
that are now in vse, to be sung:
euerie Sonet orderly pointed
to his proper Tune.

With new additions of certain Songs,
to verie late deuised Notes, not
commonly knowen, nor
vsed heretofore,

By Clement Robinson,
and diuers others.


AT LONDON

Printed by Richard Ihones : dwel-
ling at the signe of the Rose
and Crowne, neare
Holburne Bridge

1584.

The Printer to the Reader.

You that in Musicke do delight
your minds for to solace:
This little booke of Sonets m.
wel like you in that case,
Peruse it wel ere you passe by,
here may you wish and haue,
Such pleasaut songs to ech new tune,
as lightly you can craue.
Or if fine Histories you would reade,
you need not far to seek:
Within this booke such may you haue,
as Ladies may wel like.
Here may you haue such pretie thinges,
as women much desire:
Here may you haue of sundrie sorts,
such Songs as you require.
Wherefore my friend, if you regard,
such Songs to reade or heare:
Doubt not to buy this pretie Booke,
the price is not so deare.

Farewell.

A Nosegaie alwaies

sweet, for Louers to send for Tokens,
of loue, at Newyeres tide, or for fairings,
as they in their minds shall be disposed to write.

A Nosegaie lacking flowers fresh,
to you now I do send.
Desiring you to look thereon,
when that you may intend :
For flowers fresh begin to fade,
and Boreas in the field,
Euen with his hard coniealed frost,
no better flowers doth yeld :
¶ But if that winter could haue sprung,
a sweeter flower than this,
I would haue sent it presently
to you withouten misse :
Accept this then as time doth serue,
be thankful for the same,
Despise it not, but keep it well,
and marke ech flower his name.
¶ Lauander is for louers true,
which euermore be faine :
Desiring alwaies for to haue,
some pleasure for their pain :
And when that they obtained haue,
the loue that they require,
Then haue they al their perfect iole,
and quenched is the fire.

Sonets and Histories.

¶ Rosemarie is for remembrance,
betwene vs daie and night :
Wishing that I might alwaies haue,
you present in my sight.

And when I cannot haue,
as I haue said before,
Then Cupid with his deadly dart,
doth wound my heart full sore.

¶ Sage is for sustenance,
that should mans life sustaine,
For I do stil lie languishing,
continually in paine,
And shall do stil until I die,
except thou fauour show :
My paine and all my greuous smart,
ful wel you do it know.

¶ Fenel is for flatterers,
an euil thing it is sure :
But I haue alwaies meant truely,
with constant heart most pure :
And will continue in the same,
as long as life doth last,
Still hoping for a iolful daie,
when all our paines be past.

¶ Violet is for faithfulnessse,
which in me shall abide :
Hoping likewise that from your heart,
you wil not let it slide.
And wil continue in the same,
as you haue nowe begunne :

And

to fundrie new Tunes.

And then for euer to abide,
then you my heart haue wonne.

¶ Time is to trie me,
as ech be tried must,
tuing you know while life doth last,
I wil not be vntrist,

And if I should I would to God,
to hell my soule should beare.

And eke also that Belzebub,
with teeth he should me teare.

¶ Reason is to rule me.
with reason as you will,

For to be still obedient,
your minde for to fulfill :

And thereto will not disagree,
in nothing that you say:

But will content your mind truely,
in all things that I may.

¶ Lilies is for gentlenesse,
which in me shall remaine :

Hoping that no sedition shal,
depart our hearts in twaine.

As soone the sunne shal lose his course,
the moone against her kinde,
shall haue no light, if that I do
once put you from my minde.

¶ Carnations is for graciousnesse,
marke that now by the way,

Haue no regard to flatterers,
nor passe not what they say.

Sonets and Histories.

For they will come with lying tales,
your eares for to fulfil :

In anie case do you consent,
nothing vnto their wil.

¶ Marigolds is for marriage,
that would our minds suffice,
Least that suspicion of vs twaine,
by anie meanes should rise :

As for my part, I do not care,
my self I wil still vse,

That all the women in the world,
for you I will refuse. :

¶ Peniriall is to print your loue,
so deep within my heart :

That when you look this Possegay on,
my pain you may impart,

And when that you haue read the same,
consider wel my wo,

Think ye then how to recompence,
euen him that loues you so.

¶ Cowsloppes is for counsell,
for secrets vs between,

That none but you and I alone,
should know the thing we meane :

And if you wil thus wisely do,
as I think to be best :

When haue you surely won the field,
and set my heart at rest.

I pray you keep this Possegay wel,
and let by it some stoze:

And

to sundrie new Tunes.

And thus farewel, the Gods thee guide,
both now and euermore.

Not as the common sort do vse,
to set it in your best:

That when the smel is gone away,
on ground he takes his rest.

FINIS.

L. Gibsons Tantara, wherein Danca wel-
commeth home her Lord Diophon from the war.

To the tune of, Down right Squire.

You Lordings, cast off your wædes of
me thinks I heare (we
A trumpet shal, which plain doth shew
my Lord is neare:

Tantara tara tantara,
this trumpet glads our hearts,
Wherefore to welcome home your King,
you Lordings plaie your parts,

Tantara tara tantara, &c.

Harke harke, me thinkes I heare again,
this trumpets voice,
He is at hand this is certaine,
wherefore reioice.

Tantara tara tantara, &c.

this trumpet still doth say,
With trumpets blast, all dangers past,
doth shew in Marshall ray.

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Sonets and Histories.

A ioyfull sight my hearts delight,
my Diophon deere :

Thy comely grace, I do embrace,
with ioyful chere :

Tantara tara tantara,
what pleasant sound is this,
Which brought to me with victorie,
my ioy and onely blisse.

Tantara tara tantara, &c.

Diophon.

My Quene and wife, my ioy and life
in whom I minde :

In every part, the trustiest hart,
that man can finde.

Tantara tara tantara,
me thinks I heare your praise,

Your vertues race in euerie place,
which trumpet so doth raise.

Tantara tara tantara, &c.

Now welcome home to Siri a soile,
from battered field :

That valiantly thy foes did soile,
with speare and shield :

Tantara tara tantara,
me thinks I heare it still,

Thy sounding praise, abroad to raise,
with trump that is most shrill,

Tantara tara tantara, &c.

If honour and fame, O noble Dame,
such deeds do aske :

Then

to fundrie new Tunes.

Then Diophon here to purchasr fame,
hath done this taske :

Tantara tara tantara,
returnd he is againe,

To leade his life, with thee his wife,
in ioie without disaine.

Tantara tara tantara, &c.

Finis. L. G.

¶ A proper new Song made by a Student
in Cambridge, To the tune of I wish to
see those happie daies.

I Which was once a happie wight,
and he in Fortunes grace :
And which did spend my golden prime,
in running pleasures race,
Am now enforst of late,
contrastfull to mourne,
Since fortune ioles, into annoies,
my former state to turne.

¶ The toiling ore, the horse, the asse,
haue time to take their rest,
Pea all things else which Nature wrought,
sometimes haue ioies in best:
Haue onelic I and such
which vered are with paine :
For still in teares, my life it weares,
and so I must remaine.

¶ How oft haue I in folded armes,
enioied my delight,

How

Sonets and Histories,

How oft haue I excuses made,
of her to haue a sight :

But now to fortunes wil,
I caused am to bow.

And for to reape a bugie heape,
which youthfull yeares did sow.

¶ Therefore all ye which do as yet,
remaine and lide behind :

Whose eies same beauties blazing beams,
as yet did neuer blind,

Example let me be,
to you and other more :

Whose beauiie hart, hath felt the smart,
subdued by Cupids loze.

¶ Take heed of gazing ouer much,
on Damselfs faire unknowne:

For oftentimes the Snake doth lie,
with roses ouergrowde :

And vnder fairest flowers,
do noisome Adders lurke:

Of whom take heed, I thee araid :
least that thy cares they worke.

¶ What though that she doth smile on thee,
perchance shee doth not loue :

And though she smack thee once or twice,
she thinks thee so to proue,

And when that thou dost thinke,
she loueth none but thee :

She hath in store, perhaps some more,
which so deceined be,

Trust

to fundrie new Tunes.

¶ Trust not therefore the cutward shew
betwix in anie case :

For good conditions do not lie,
where is a pleasant face :

But if it be thy chaunce,
a lover true to haue :

Be sure of this, thou shalt not misse,
ech thing that thou wilt craue.

¶ And when as thou (good Reader) shalt
peruse this scrole of mine :

Let this a warning be to thee,
and saie a friend of thine,

Did write thee this of loue,
and of a zealous mind :

Because that he sufficiently,
hath tried the female kind.

¶ Here Cambridge now I bid farewell,
adue to Students all:

Adue vnto the Colledges,
and vnto Gunuill Hall :

And you my fellows once,
pray vnto loue that I

May haue relief, for this my grief,
and speedie remedie.

¶ And that he shield you euerichone,
from Beauties luring looks :

Whose baite hath brought me to my baine,
and caught me from my Books :

Wherefore, for you, my praier shall be,
to send you better grace,

That

Sonets and Histories,

That modestie with honestie,
may guide your youthfull race.

Finis quod Thomas Richardson, sometime
Student in Cambridge.

¶ The scoffe of a Ladie, as pretie as may be,
to a yong man that went a wooing:
He wēt stil about her, & yet he wēt without
because he was so long a dooing. (her,

At tend thée, go play thée,
Sweet loue I am busie:
my silk and twist is not yet spun:
My Ladie will blame me,
If that she send for me,
and find my worke to be vndun:
How then?
How shall I be set me?
To say loue did let me?
Fie no, it will not fit me,
It were no scuse for me.
¶ If loue were attained,
My ioyes were unfained,
my seame and silke wil take no hold:
Oft haue I bene warned,
By others pꝛoofe learned:
hote wanton loue soone waxeth cold,
Go now:
I say go pack thée,
O my needle shal prick thée:

to fundrie new Tunes.

Go seeke out Dame Idle:

More fit for thy brydle,

More fit for thy brydle.

¶ Wel worthie of blaming,

For thy long detaining,

all vaine it is that thou hast done :

Best now to be wandring,

Go vaunt of thy winning,

and tell thy Dame what thou hast won :

Say this :

Then say as I bade thee :

That the little dogge Fancie,

Lies chaste without mouing,

And needeth no threating,

For feare of wel beating.

For feare of wel beating.

¶ The boy is gone lurking,

God Ladies be working,

dispatch a while that we had done,

The tide will not tarrie,

All times it doth varie,

The day both passe, I see the Sun,

The frost bites faire flowers,

Lets worke at due howres,

Haste, haste, and be merie,

Till our needles be werie.

Till our needles be werie,

¶ Now Ladies be merie,

Because you are werie:

leane worke I say, and get you home,

Your

Sonets and Histories.

Your businesse is slacking,
Your louer is packing:
your answer hath cut off his comb.

How then?

The fault was in him sir,
He used it so trim sir,
Alas poore fellic fellow,
Wake much of thy pillow.

Wake much of thy pillow: Finis.

An answer as pretie to the scof of his Lady.
by the yongman that came a wooing,
Wherein he doth flout her,
Being glad he went without her,
Mistaking both her and her dooing.

A Las Lsue, why chafe ye?
Why fret ye, why fume ye?
to me it seemeth verie strange,
He thinks ye misuse me,
So faine to refuse me,
vnlesse you hope of better change:

Wel, wel:

Wel now, I perceiue ye,
You are mindful to leaue me:
How sure it doth grieue me:
That I am vnworthie:
That I am vnworthie.

I mean not to let ye, nor I can not forget
it will not so out of my minde: (ye,
My loue is not daintie, I see you haue plenty
that let so little by your friends,

to sundrie new Tunes.

Goe too spin on now I pray you, I list not to
I will goe play me: (stay,

I am unfit for you, &c.

Leaue off to flout now, & prick on your clout
you are a daintie Dame indeed, (now

And though of your taunting, I may make my
as bad or worse than I shal speed: (vaunting
Sweet heart, though now you forsake it.

I trust you wil take it :

and sure I spak it, as fine as you make it, &c

Now wil I be trudging, without anie grudge

I am content to giue you ground: (ging
Good reason doth bind me, to leue you behind
for you are better lost than found: (me,

To play, go seeke out Dame pleasure :

You are a trim treasure,

Wise women be daintie,

Of foles there be plentie, &c.

¶ If I might aduise ye, few words shuld suffe
& yet you shold bestow them wel: (since ye
Raids must be manerly, not full of scurillity,
wherein I see you do excel,

Farewel good Nicibicetur,

God send you a sweeter,

A lustie lim lifter, you are a trim shifter, &c.

Finis. Peter Picks.

¶ Dame Beauties replic to the Louer late at
libertie: and now complaineth himselfe
to be her captiue, Intituled : Where is
the life that late I led.

The

Sonets and Histories.

THe life that erst thou ledst my friend,
was pleasant to thine eies:
But now the losse of libertie,
thou seemest to despise.
Where then thou ioiedst thy will,
now thou doest grudge in heart:
Then thou no paine nor grief didst feele,
but now thou pinest in smart.
What moued thee vnto loue,
expresse and tell the same:
Sauē fancie thine, that heapt thy paine,
thy follie learne to blame.
¶ For when thou freedome didst enioie,
thou gavest thy selfe to ease,
And letst self-will the ruling beare,
thy fancie fond to please:
Then stealing Cupid came,
with bow and golden dart:
He struck the stroke, at pleasure he
that now doth paine thy hart:
Blame not the Gods of loue,
But blame thy self thou maist:
For freedome was disdaind of thee,
and bondage more thou waigest.
¶ Who list, thou saist to liue at rest,
and freedome to possesse:
The sight of gorgeous Dames must thun,
least loue do them distresse:
Thou blamest Cupidoes craft,
who strikes in stealing sozt:

And

to sundrie new tunes.

And lets thee midst the princely Dames,
of Beauties famous fort:

And meaning wel thou saiest,
as one not bent to loue,

Then Cupid he constrains thee yeld,
as thou thy self canst proue.

Faire Ladies lookes in libertie,
enlarged not thy paine:

Ne yet the sight of gorgeous Dames,
could cause thee thus complaine.

It was thy self indeed,
that causd thy pining woe,

Thy wanton wil, and idle minde,
causd Cupid strike the blow:

Blame not his craft, nor vs
that Beauties darlings be,

Accuse thy selfe to seeke thy rare,
thy fancies did agree.

¶ There is none thou saist, that can
more truely iudge the case:

Than thou that hast the wound receiu'de,
by sight of Ladies face.

Her beautie thee bewitcht,
thy minde that erst was free:

Her corps so comely fram'd, thou saiest,
did force thee to agree:

Thou gauest thy self it seemes,
her bondman to abide,

Before that her good willingnesse,
of thee were knownen and tride.

Sonets and Histories;

What iudgement canst thou giue :
how dost thou plead thy case :
It was not she that did thee wound,
although thou seest her face :
He could her beaute so,
inchaunt or ver thy sprites,
He feature hers so comely frame,
could weaken so thy wits.
But that thou mightest haue shewne
the cause to her indrede,
Who spares to speak, thy self dost know,
doth faile of grace to speede.
¶ By this thou saiest, thou soughtst by means
of tormētts that you beare,
By this thou wouldest men take heed,
and learne of loue to feare :
For taking holde thou telst,
to die it is too late,
And no where canst thou throw thy self,
but Care must be thy mate.
Though loue do pleasure seeme,
yet plagues none such there are :
Therefore all louers now thou wilt,
of liking to be ware.
¶ Thy self hath sought the meane and way,
and none but thou alone :
Of all the grief and care you beare,
as plainly it is showne :
Then why should men take heed,
thy counsell is best :

Thou

to fundrie new Tunes.

Thou sparedst to speak, and failedst to speed,
thy will had banisht wit.
And now thou blamest lone,
and Ladies faire and free :
And better lost than found my frind,
your towards heart we see. Finis. I.P.

A new Courtly Sonet, of the Lady Green
sleeues. To the new tune of Greensleeues.

Greensleeues was all my ioy,
Greensleeues was my delight:
Greensleeues was my hart of gold,
And who but Ladie Greensleeues.

As my loue, ye do me wrong,
to cast me off discourteously :
And I haue loued you so long,
Delighting in your companie.
Greensleeues was all my ioy,
Greensleeues was my delight :
Greensleeues was my heart of gold,
And who but Ladie Greensleeues.

I haue been readie at your hand,
to grant what euer you would craue.
I haue both waged life and land,
your loue and good will for to haue.

Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
that were wrought fine and gallantly :

Sonets and Histories,

What iudgement canst thou giue :
how dost thou plead thy case :
It was not she that did thee wound,
although thou seest her face :
He could her beaute so,
inchaunt or ver thy sprites,
He feature hers so comely frame,
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Thy self hath sought the meane and way,
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And who but Ladie Greensleeues.
¶ I haue been readie at your hand,
to grant what euer you would craue.
I haue both waged life and land,
your loue and good will for to haue.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
that were wrought fine and gallantly :

Sonets and Histories.

I kept thee both at board and bed,
Which cost my purse wel favouredly,
Greenleeues was al my ioye, &c.

I bought thee peticotes of the best,
the cloth so fine as fine might be :

I gaue thee iewels for thy chest,
and all this cost I spent on thee.

Greenleeues was all my ioye, &c.

Thy smock of silk, both faire and white,
with gold embzodered gorgeously :

Thy peticote of Sendall right :
and thus I bought thee gladly.

Greenleeues was all my ioye, &c.

Thy girdle of gold so red,
with pearles bedecked sumptuously :

The like no other lasses had,
and yet thou wouldst not loue me,

Greenleeues was all my ioy, &c.

Thy purse and eke thy gay gilt kniues,
thy pincase gallant to the eie :

No better wozs the Burgesse wiues,
and yet thou wouldst not loue me.

Greenleeues was all my ioy, &c.

Thy crimson stockings all of silk,
with golde all wrought about the knee,

Thy pumps as white as was the milk,
and yet thou wouldst not loue me.

Greenleeues was all my ioy, &c.

Thy gown was of the grosse green,
thy leaues of Satten hanging by :

Which

to fundrie new Tunes.

Which made thee be our haruest Queen,
and yet thou wouldest not loue me.

Green sleeves was all my ioy, &c.

¶ Thy garters fringed with the golde,
And silver aglets hanging by,

Which made thee blithe for to beholde,
And yet thou wouldest not loue me.

Green sleeves was all my ioy, &c.

¶ My gayest gelding I thee gaue,
To ride where euer liked thee,

No Ladie euer was so bzaue,
And yet thou wouldest not loue me.

Green sleeves was all my ioy, &c.

¶ My men were clothed all in green,
And they did euer wait on thee :

All this was gallant to be seen,
and yet thou wouldest not loue me.

Green sleeves was all my ioy, &c.

¶ They set thee vp, they took thee downe,
they serued thee with humilitie,

Thy foote might not once touch the ground,
and yet thou wouldest not loue me.

Green sleeves was all my ioy, &c.

¶ For euerie morning when thou rose,
I sent thee dainties orderly :

To cheare thy stomack from all moes,
and yet thou wouldest not loue me.

Green sleeves was all my ioy, &c.

¶ Thou couldest desire no earthly thing.
But stil thou hadst it readily:

Sonets and Histories,

Thy musicke still to play and sing,
And yet thou wouldst not loue me.

Greenesleeues was all my ioy, &c.

¶ And who did pay for all this gearc,
that thou didst spend when pleased thoue:
Euen I that am reiected here,
and thou disdainst to loue me.

Greenesleeues was all my ioy, &c.

¶ Wel, I wil pray to God on hie,
that thou my constancie maist see:
And that yet once before I die,
thou wilt vouchsafe to loue me.

Greenesleeues was all my ioy, &c.

¶ Greenesleeues now farewell adue,
God I pray to prosper thee:
For I am stil thy louer true,
come once againe and loue me.

Greenesleeues was all my ioy, &c.
Finis.

A proper sonet, wherein the Louer dolefully
sheweth his griet to his L.& requireth pity.
To the tune of, Row we ye Marriners.

A lone without refuge,
For life doth pleade with panting
And rusfully the Iudge, (breath
Beholds (whose doome grants life or
So fare I hold my onelie Loue, (death,
Whom I tender as Turtle Dove,
Whose tender looks (O ioly ioy)
Shall win me sure your louing boy:

to fundrie new Tunes.

Faire looks, sweet Dame,
Or else (alas) I take my bane :
Nice talke, coying,
Will bring me sure to my ending,
¶ Too little is my skil,
By pen (I saie) my loue to paint,
And when that my good will,
My tong wold shew, my heart doth faint:
With both the meanes do faile therefore,
My loue for to expresse with loze :
The torments of my inward smart.
You may well gesse within your hart :
Wherefore, sweet wench,
Some louing words, this heat to quench
Fine smiles, smirke looks,
And then I neede no other looks,
¶ Your gleams hath gript the hart,
alas within my captiue breast :
O how I feele the smart,
And how I find my grief increast :
My fancie is so fixt on you,
That none alway the same can do :
My deere vnlesse you it remoue :
Without redresse I die for loue,
Lament with me,
Ye Muses nine, where euer be,
My life I loth,
My Ioyes are gone, I tel you troth,
¶ All Musicks solemne sound,
Of song, or else of instrument :

Sonets and Histories.

He thinks they do resound,
with doleful tunes, me to lament,
And in my sleep unsound, alas,
He thinks such dreadful things to passe :
that out I crie in midst of dreames,
Wherwith my tears run down as streams,
O Lord, think I,
She is not here that should be by :
What chance is this,
What I embrace that froward is :
The Lions noble minde,
His raging mood (you know) oft staies,
When beasts do yeld by kinde,
On them (forsooth) he neuer praises :
When sithence that I am your thrall,
To ease my smart on you I call.
A bloudie conquest is your part,
To kill so kind a louing heart :
Alas remorse,
O presently I die perforce :
God grant pitie,
Within your breast now planted be.
As nature hath you deckt,
with worthie gifts aboue the rest,
So to your praise most great,
Let pitie dwell within your breast,
That I may save with heart and wil,
No, this is she that might me kil :
For why? in hand she held the knife,
And yet (forsooth) she saued my life.

to fundrie new Tunes.

Hey-ho, Darling :

With lustie loue, now let vs sing,
Plaie on, Minstrel,
My Ladie is mine onelie girle.

The Historie of Diana and Actcon.

To the Quarter Braules.

Diana and her darlings deare,
Walkt once as you shall heare :
Through woods and waters cleare,
themselves to play :

The leaues were gay and green,

And pleasant to be seen :

They went the trees betwēn,
in coole aray,

So long, that at the last they found a place,
of waters full cleare:

So pure and faire a Bath neuer was
found many a yeare.

There shee went faire and gent,

Her to sport, as was her wonted sort:

In such desirous sort:,

Thus gaeth the report:

Diana daintiously began her selfe therein to

And her body for to laue,

(bathe

So curious and braue.

As they in water stood,

Bathing their liuelie blood:

Actcon in the wood,

chaunst to come by:

And betwē their bodies bare,

Sonets and Histories,

Maruailing what they weare,
And stil deuoid of care,
 on them cast his eie:
But when the Nymphs had perceiued him,
 aloud then they cried,
Enclosed her, and thought to hide her skin,
 which he had spied:
But too true I tell you,
 She scene was,
 For in height she did passe,
 Ech Dame of her race,
 Marke then Acteons case:
While Diana did perrene, where Acteon did
 She took houe in her hand, (stand,
 And to shoot she began.
¶ As she began to shoot, Acteon ran about,
To hide he thought no boote,
 his sights were dim:
And as he thought to scape,
Changed was Acteons shape,
Such was vniackie fate,
 yelded to him:
For Diana brought it thus to passe,
 and plaied her part,
So that poore Acteon changed was
 to a bugie Hart,
And did beare, naught but haire:
In this change,
Which is as true as strange,
And thus did he range,

to fundrie new Tunes.

So that his sorowes importunate,
Had ended his life incontinent,
Had not Lady Venus grace, Lady Lady,
Pitied her poore servants case,
My dear Ladie.

¶ For when she saw the torments strong,
Wherewith the knight was sore opprest,
Which he God knowes had suffered long,
Al through this Ladies mercilesse,
Of their desires she made exchange,
Ladie, Ladie.

And wrought a myracle most strange,
My dear Ladie.

¶ So that this Ladie faithfully,
Did loue this knight aboue all other :
And he vnto the contrarie,
Did hate her then aboue all measure,
And pitifull she did complaine : ladie, ladie.
Requiring fauour, and might not obtaine.
My dear ladie.

¶ But when she saw, that in no case,
She might vnto his loue attaine :
And that she could not finde some grace,
To ease her long enduring paine,
And y his hart wold not remoue. Lady, ladie
Without all cure he died for loue, My dear.

¶ Besides these matters maruelous,
One other thing I wil you tell :

Of one whose name was Narcissus,
A man whose beautie both excel,

Sonets and Histories,

Of natures gifts he had no miss, Lady, lady
He had y^e whole of beauties blisse, My deere.
¶ So that out of manie a far Countrey,
I reade of manie a woman faire,
Did come this Narcissus to see,
Who perished when they came there,
Through his default I say in fine, lady, lady
Who vnto loue would not incline. My deere.
¶ Whose disobedience vnto loue,
When vnto Venus it did appeare.
How that his hart would not remoue,
She punisht him as you shal heare:
A thing most strange forsooth it was,
Ladie, Ladie.

Now harken how it came to passe, My deere.
¶ For when he went vpon a date,
With other me in strange disguise,
Himself forsooth he did aray
In womans attire of a new deuise,
And ouer a brydge as he did go. Ladie, ladie.
In the water he sawe his own shadow, My.
¶ Which when he did perceiue and see,
A Ladie faire he saith it semeth:
Forgot himself that it was he,
And iudge that it was Dianacs Nymph,
Who in the waters in such fashion, Lady, la
Did vse themselves for recreation, My deere.
¶ And through the beautie of whose looks,
Taken he was with such sond desire,
That after manie humble lutes,

Incont

to sundrie new Tunes.

Incontinent he did aspire.

Unto her grace him to refer, Ladie, Ladie

Trusting y^e merrie was in her, My deer, &c.

¶ With armes displaid he took his race,

And leapt into the riuer there,

And thought his Ladie to embrace,

¶ Being of himselfe, deuoid of feare,

And there was drownd without redresse,

His crueltie rewarded was, (Ladie, Ladie,

with such follie.

¶ Now hereby you may perceine,

How Venus can, and if she please,

Her disobedient Subiects grieue,

And make them drinke their owne disease,

¶ Wherfore rebel not I you with, Lady, lady.

Least that your chaunce be worse than this,

if worse may be.

Finis.

The Louer cōplaineth the losse of his Ladie

To Cicilia Pauin.

H Cart, what makes thee thus to be,

in extreame heauinesse?

¶ If care do cause all thy distresse,

¶ Why seekest thou not some redresse,

to ease thy carefulnesse?

¶ Hath Cupid stroke in Venerie,

Why toofull corps in leoperdie:

right wel then may I sob and crie, (cric)

¶ Til that my Distresse die, my faith may

¶ Why would I cloake from her presence,

¶ My loue and faithfull diligence?

And

Sonets and Historie.

And cowardly thus to die.

And cowardly thus to die,

¶ No, no, I wil shew my woe,
in this calamitie.

To her whom Nature shapte so free :

With all Dianacs chastitie,

or Venus rare bzautie :

Then shall I bzaue felicitie,

And liue in all prosperitie.

then leape off this woe, let feares go,

thou shalt embrace thy Ladie deer in ioy.

In these thy armes so louingly,

As Paris did faire Helenie,

By force of blinded boy.

By force of blinded boy.

¶ If Venus would grant vnto me,
such happinesse :

As she did vnto Troylus,

By help of his friend Pandarus,

To Creysids loue who woꝛse,

Than all the women certainly :

That euer liued naturally.

Whose slight falsed faith, the storie saith,

Did breed by plagues, her great and soꝛe dy-

For she became so leprosie, (stresse,

That she did die in penurie :

Because she did transgresse.

Because she did transgresse.

¶ If she, I saie, wil me regard,

in this my leoperdie,

to sundrie new Tunes.

I wil shew her fidelitie,

And eke declare her curtesie,

to Louers far and nie :

O heart how happie shouldst thou be,

When my Ladie doth smile on me:

Whose milde merie cheare,

Will driue away feare,

Cleane from my brest, and set ioy in y place

when I shall kisse so tenderly :

Her fingers small and slenderly,

which doth my heart solace, &c.

Therefore ye amorous imps who burne

so still in Cupids fire,

Let this the force of my retire

Exemple be to your desire,

That so to loue aspire :

For I did make deniance,

And set her at defiance :

Which made me full ire, it chanced so,

Because I look at my mistresse so coy:

Therefore, when she is merily

Disposed, look you curtesily :

Receiue her for your ioy.

Receiue her for your ioy.

Finis. I. Tomson,

The Louer compareth some subtil Suters

to the Hunter. To the tune of the Painter.

When as the Hunter goeth out,
With hounds in trace.

C

The

Sonets and Histories,
The Hart to hunt, and set about,
with wilie trace,
He doth it moze to see and biew,
Her wiliness (I tell you true.)
Her trips and skips, now here, now there,
With squats and flats, which hath no pere.
¶ Moze than to win or get the game
to beare away :

He is not greedie of the same,
(thus Hunters saie:

So some men hunt by kote desire,
To Venus Dames, and do require
With fauor to haue her, or els they wil die,
they loue her, & proue her, and wot ye why?
¶ Forsooth to see her subtilnesse, & wily way,
Whē they (God knows) mean nothing lesse
than they do say :

For when they see they may her win,
They leaue then where they did begin.
they prate and make the matter nice,
And leaue her in foles paradise.

¶ Wherefore of such (good Ladie now)
wisely beware,
Least flinging fancies in their brow,
do breed you care:

And at the first giue them the checke,
Least they at last giue you the geck,
And scornfully disdain ye then,
In faith there are such kind of men.

¶ But

to sundrie new Tunes.

But I am none of those indeed,
believe me now :

I am your man if you me need,
I make a vow :

To serue you without doubtenesse :

With feruent heart my owne mistresse,

Demaund me, commaund me,

what please ye, and whan,

I wil be stil reatie, as I am true man.

A new Sonet of Pyramus and Thisbie.

To the, Downe right Squier.

You Dames (I say) that climbe the
of Helicon, (mount
Come on with me, and giue account,
what hath been don :

Come tell the chaunce ye Muses all,
and dolefull newes,

Which on these Louers did befall,
which I accuse.

In Babilon not long agoe,
a noble Prince did dwell :

Whose daughter bright blind ech ones sight,
so farre she did excel.

An other Lord of high reuolue,
who had a sonne :

And dwelling there within the towne,
great loue begonne :

Pyramus this noble Knight,
I tel you true :

Sonets and Histories,
Who with the loue of Thisbie bright,
did cares renue :
It came to passe, their secrets was,
beknorne vnto them both :
And then in minde, they place do finde,
where they their loue vnclothe.
¶ This loue they vse long tract of time,
till it befell :
At last they promised to meet at prime,
by Minus well:
Where they might louingly embrace,
in loues delight :
That he might see his Thisbies face,
and she his sight :
In ioyful case, she approcht the place,
where she her Pyramus
Had thought to viewd, but was renewd,
to them most delozous.
¶ Thus while she staies for Pyramus,
there did proceed :
Out of the wood a Lion fierce,
made Thisbie dzeu :
And as in haste she fled awaie,
her Mantle fine:
The Lion tare in stead of pzaie,
till that tye time
That Pyramus proceeded thus,
and see how lion tare
The Mantle this of Thisbie his,
he desperately doth fare,

to fundrie new Tunes.

¶ For why he thought the lion had,
faire Thisbie slaine.

And then the beast with his bright blade,
he slew certaine :

Then made he mone and said' alas,
(O wretched wight)

Now art thou in a woful case
for Thisbie bright :

Oh Gods above, my faithfull loue
shal neuer faile this need :

For this my breath by fatall death,
shal weane Atropos threed.

¶ Then from his sheathe he drew his blade,
and to his hart

He thrust the point, and life did bade,
with painfull smart :

Then Thisbie she from cabin came
with pleasure great,

And to the well apase she ran,
there for to treat :

And to discusse, to Pyramus
of al her former feares.

And when slaine she, found him truly,
she shed forth bitter teares.

¶ When sorrow great that she had made,
she took in hand

The bloudie knife, to end her life,
by fatall hand.

You Ladies' all, peruse and see,
the faithfulnessse,

Sonets and Histories,
How these two Lovers did agré,
to die in distresse :
You Muses waile, and do not faile,
but still do you lament :
These louers twaine, who with such paine,
did die so well content.

Finis. I. Tomson.

A Sonet of a Louer in the praise of his lady.
To Calen o Culture me : sung at euerie lines end.

W^hē as I view your comly grace, Ca. &c
Your golden haire, your angels face :
Your azured beines much like the skies,
Your silver teeth, your Christall eies.

Your Corall lips, your crimson cheeks,
That Gods and men both loue and leakes.
Your pretie mouth with diuers gifts,
Which driueth wise men to their shifts :
So braue, so fine, so trim, so yong,
With beauehtie wit and pleasant tongue,
That Pallas though she did excell,
Could frame ne tel a tale so well.

Your voice so sweet, your necke so white,
your bodie fine and small in sight :
Your fingers long so nimble be,
To utter forth such harmonie,
As all the Muses for a space :
To sit and heare do giue you place.

Your pretie foot with all the rest,
That may be seene or may be gest :

Doth

to fundrie new Tunes.

Doth beare such shape, that beautie may
Giue place to thee and go her way :

And Paris nowe must change his dome,
For Venus lo must giue thee roome.

¶ Whose gleams doth heat my hart as fier,
Although I burne, yet should I nier :
Within my selfe then can I say :

The night is gone, behold the day :

Behold the star so cleare and bright,
As dimmes the sight of Phoebus light :

¶ Whose fame by pen for to discriue,
Doth passe ech wight that is aliue:
Then how dare I with boldned face,
Presume to craue or with your grace :

And thus amazed as I stand,
Not feeling sense, nor mouing hand.

¶ My soule with silence mouing sense,
Doth wish of God with reuerence,
Long life, and vertue you possesse :
To match those gifts of worthinesse,
And loue and pitie may be spide,
To be your chief and onely guide.

¶ A proper Sonet, Intituled, Maid, wil you
marrie. to the Blacke Almaine.

Maid, wil you marrie? I pray sir tarte,
I am not disposed to wed a :
For he y shal haue me, wil neuer be
he shal haue my maidēhed a. (ny me

Why then you wil not wed me :

So sure sire I haue sped me,

C lili

Pou

Sonets and Histories,
You must go seek some other wight,
That better may your heart delight.
For I am sped I tell you true,
believe me it grieues me, I may not haue you,
To wed you & bed you as a woman shold be
¶ For if I could, be sure I would,
consent to your desire :
I would not doubt, to bring about,
each thing you would require :
But promise now is made,
Which cannot be staide :
It is a womans honestie,
To keep her promise faithfully.
And so I do meane til death to do,
Consider and gather, that this is true :
Chose it, and vse it, the honestest you.
¶ But if you seek, for to mislake,
with this that I haue done :
Or else disdain, that I so plaine
this talke with you haue begone :
Farewell I wil not let you,
He smeth wel that gets you.
And sure I thinke your other friend,
Will proue a Cuckold in the end :
But he wil take heed if he be wise,
To watch you & catch you, with Argus eyes,
Besetting and letting your wonted guise.
¶ Although the Cat doth winke a while,
yet sure she is not blinde :

to sundrie new Tunes.

It is the waie for to beguile,
the Vice that run behind :

And if she see them running,
Then straightway she is coming:
Upon their head she claps her fote,
To striue with her it is no boote.

The sallowe poore Vice dare neuer play,
She catcheth and snatcheth them euery day,
Yet whip they, & skip they, whē she is away.

¶ And if perhaps they fall in trap,
to death then must they yeld :
They were better thē, to haue kept their den
than straike abroad the field :

But they that will be ranging,
Shall soon repent their changing :
And so shall you ere it be long,

Wherefore remember well my song :
And do not snuffe though I be plaine,
But cherily, merily, take the same.
For huffing & snuffing deserueth blame.

¶ For where you say you must obey,
the promise you haue made,
So sure as I wil neuer flie,
from that I haue said :

Therefore to them I leaue you,
Which gladly wil receiue you :
You must go chose some other mate,
According to your own estate.

For I do meane to liue in rest,

Sonets and Histories,

Go seek you, and seek you an other guest,
And chuse him, and vse him, as you like best.
The ioy of Virginitie: to, The Gods of loue

I Judge and finde, how God doth mince,
to furnish, to furnish
his heavenly throne above,

With virgins pure, this am I sure,
without misse, without misse:

with other Saints he doth loue:

It is allowed as you may reade,
And eke auowed by Paul indeede,

Virginitie is accepted,
a thing high in Gods sight:

Though marriage is selected,
a thing to be most right:

yet must I praise Virginitie,
For I would faine a Virgin be.

You Virgins pure, your selues assure, I
and credite, and credite:

great ioy you shall possesse,
Which I (God knows) cannot disclose,
nor spreade it, nor spreade it,
ne yet by pen expresse.

For halfe the ioyes that you shall finde,
I can not iudge for you assignde:
When hence your ghost shall yeilded be,
into the throne of blisse:

In chaste and pure Virginitie,
for thought or deed ywille:

Where you shal reign, with God on his
For evermore eternally.

And

to sundrie new Tunes.

¶ And when doubtlesse, you shal possesse,
with Iesus, with Iesus,
these ioies celestiaall.

Then Ladie Fame, wil blaze your name,
amongst vs, amongst vs,
which then on earth raigne shal.

She wil resound in euerie coast,
By trumpet sound, and wil you boast?
So that although you do depart

This mortall life so vaine:
Your chastitie in euerie heart,
by memorie shall remaine.

But hard it is, I saie no more,
To finde an hundreth in a score. Finis.

¶ A warning for Wooers, that they be not
ouer hastie, nor deceiued with womens
beautie. To, Salisburie Plaine.

Ye louing wormes come learne of me
The plagues to leane that linked be:
The grudge, the grief, the gret annoy,
The fickle faith, the fading ioy:
in time, take heed,

In fruitlesse soile sow not thy seed:
buie not, with cost,
the thing that yelds but labour lost.

¶ If Cupids dart do chance to light,
So that affection dimmes thy sight,
Then raise vp reason by and by,
With skill thy heart to fortifie

Where

onets and Histories,

Where is a breach,
Oft times too late doth come the Leach:
Sparks are put out,

When fornice flames do rage about.
¶ Thine owne delay must win the field,
When lust doth leade thy heart to yeld:
When steed is stolne, who makes al fast,
May go on foot for al his haste:

In time shut gate,
For had I wist, doth come too late,
Fast bind, fast find,
Repentance alwaies commeth behind.

¶ The Syrens times oft time beguiles,
So doth the teares of Crocodiles:
But who so learns Vlysses lore,
May passe the seas, and win the shore.

Stop eares, stand fast,
Through Cupids trips, thou shalt him cast:
Flie baits, shun hookes,
Be thou not snarde with louely lookes.

¶ Where Venus hath the maisterie,
Where loue hath lost her libertie:
Where loue doth win the victorie,
The fort is sackt with crueltie.

First look, then leap,
In forestie so your thinnies you keepe:

The snake doth sting,
That lurking lieth with hissing.

¶ Where Cupids foot hath made a waste,
There graue aduise doth beare no swate,

where.

to fundrie new Tunes.

Where Loue doth raigne and rule the reste,
Where reason is exile the coast :

Like all, loue none, except ye vse discretion.

First try, the trust, be not deceiued with sinful

¶ Marke Priams sonne, his fond deuise (lust,

When Venus did obtaine the price :

For Pallas skil and Iunoes strength,

He chose that bred his bane at length.

Chose wit, leaue wil, let Helen be w Paris skil:

Amis goeth al, wher facie forceth soles to fall.

¶ Where was there found a happier wight,

Than Troylus was til loue did light:

What was the end of Romeus.

Did he not die like Piramus

Who baths in blis: let him be mindful of Iphis

Who seeks to please, may riddē be like Hercules.

¶ I lothe to tel the peuisish braules,

And fond delights of Cupids thraules,

Like momish mates of Midas mood,

They gape to get that doth no good: (Cup

Now down, now vp, as tapsters vse to tolle &

One breedeth ioy, another breeds as great annoy

¶ Some loue for wealth, and some for hue,

And none of both these loues are true.

For when the Pil hath lost hir sailes,

Then must the Miller lose his bailes:

Of grasse commeth hay,

And flowers faire wil son decay:

Of ripe commeth rotten,

In age al beautie is forgotten.

Some

Sonets and Histories,

Some loueth too hie, and some too lowe,
And of them both great griefs do grow,
And some do love the common sort:
And common folke vse common sport.

Awake not too hie,
Least that a chip fall in thine eie:

But hie or lowe,
Ye may be sure she is a throw.

¶ But first, I vse to tell no tales,
Each fish that swims doth not beare scales,
In euerie hedge I finde not thornes:
Nor euerie beast both carrie hornes:

I saie not so,
That euerie woman causeth wo:

That were too broad,
Who loueth not venem must shun the tode.

¶ Who vseth still the truth to tel,
May blamed be though he saie wel:
Say Crowe is white, and snowe is blacke,
Lay not the fault on womans backe,
Thousands were good,

But few scape drowning in Noes flood:

Most are wel bent,
I must say so, least I be shent. Finis.

¶ An excellent Seng of an outcast Louer.
To, All in a Garden green.

Mine fancie did I fire,
in faithful forme and frame:
in hope ther shuld no blustering blast
haue power to moue the same.

¶ And

to fundrie new Tunes.

¶ And as the Gods do know,
and world can witnesse beare :

I neuer serued other Saint,
nor I doll other where.

¶ But one, and that was she,
whom I in heart did shryne :

And made account that pretious pearle,
and iewel rich was mine.

¶ No toile, nor labour great,
could wearie me herrin :

For stil I had a Iasons heart,
the golden fleece to win.

¶ And sure my sute was hearde,
I spent no time in vaine :

A grant of friendship at her hand,
I got to quite my paine.

With sollemne vowes and othe.

was knit the True-loue knot,
And friendly did we treat of loue,
as place and time we got.

¶ Now would we send our sighes,
as far as they might go,

Now would we worke with open signes,
to blaze our inward wo.

¶ Now rings and tokens too,
renude our friendship stil,

And ech deuice that could be wrought,
express our plaine goodwill,

True meaning went withall,
it cannot be denide :

Sonets and Histories,
Performance of the promise past,
was hope for of eche side :
¶ And loekt for out of hand :
such bowes did we two make,
As God himself had present been,
recorde thereof to take.
¶ And for my part I sweare,
by all the Gods above,
I neuer thought of other friend,
nor sought for other loue.
¶ The same consent in her,
I saw full oft appeare,
If eyes could see, or head could iudge,
or eare had power to heare.
¶ Yet loe words are but winde,
an other new come guest,
Hath won her fauour (as I feare)
as fancies rise in brest.
Her friend that wel deserues,
is out of countenance quite,
She makes the game to see me shoot,
while others hit the white.
¶ He way wel beat the bush,
as manie thousands doe:
And misse the birds, and haply lose
his part of feathers too.
¶ He hops without the ring,
yet daunceth on the trace,
When some come after soft and faire,
a heauie hobling pace.

to sundrie new Tunes.

In these vnconstant daies,
such troth these women haue :
As wauering as the aspen leafe
they are, so God me saue.

For no deserts of men
are weid, what ere they be :
For in a mood their minds are led
with new delights we see.

The guiltlesse goeth to wrack,
the gorgeous peacocks gay :
They do esteem vpon no cause,
and turne their friends away.

I blame not al for one,
some flowers grow by the weeds,
Some are as sure as lock and key,
and full of words and deeds.

And yet of one I waile,
of one I crie and plaine :
And for her sake shall neuer none,
so nip my heart againe :

If for offence or fault,
I had been slong at heele :

The lesse had been my bitter smart,
and gnawing greefe I feele.

But being once reteind,
a friend by her consent :

And after that to be disvaine,
when best good will I ment,

I take it nothing well,
for if my power could shew,

Sonets and Histories,

With Larum bel and open crye,
the world should thoughtly know.

The complaint of a woman Louer,
To the tune of, Raging loue.

Though wisdom wold I should refrain,
My heaped cares here to unfold:
God Ladies yet my inward paine,
So pricketh me I haue no holde:
But that I must my griefe betray,
Webbed in teares with doleful tunes,
That you may heare, and after say,
Hoe, this is she whom loue consumes.

My grief doth grow by my desire.
To fance him that flames my woe:
He naught regards my flaming fire,
Alas why doth he seue me so?

Whose fained teares I did beleeue,
And wept to heare his wailing booke,
But now, alas, too soon I proue
Al men are false, there is no choise.

Had euer woman such reward,
At anie time for her goodwill:
Had euer woman hap so hard,
So cruelly for lone to spill.

What paps (alas) did giue him food,
That thus unkindly workes my wo:
What beast is of so cruell made,
to hate the hart that loves him so.

Like as the simple Martie tree,
An mourning giuanes I spend the day.

to sit ⁱⁿ the new Furnace.

My daily cares might both renew,
To think how he did me betray:

And when my weary limmes were rest,
My slayes and loand hath dreadfull dreame,
Whose greivous griefes my hart doth vex,
That all mine eyes run down like streams:
¶ And yet, full oft it doth me good,
To haue the place where he hath bene,
To kisse the ground whereon he stode,
When he (alas) my loue did win.

To kisse the place whereon we lay,
How may I thinke vnto my paine,
O blisfull place full oft I say,
Lender to me my loue againe.

¶ But all is lost that may be,
Another doth possesse my right:
His cruell hate, disdaineth me,
New loue hath put the edge to sight:
He loues to see my watered eyes,
and laughes to see how I do pine;
No words can well my woes compaign,
Alas what griefe is like to mine.

¶ You comly thing, beware by me,
Of rue swete words of fickle trust:
For I may well example be,
How fild talke oft proues vnjust.

But sith receipt hath to my pay,
God Ladies helpe my dolefull paines,
That you may here and after say:
Loe this is she whom loue consumes.

Sonets and Histories,

A proper sonet, Intituled: I smile to see how
you deuise . To anie pleasant tune.

I Smile to see how you deuise,
How masking nets my eies to beare:
your self you cannot so disguise:

But as you are, you must appeare.

¶ Your priuie winkes at board I see,
And how you set your roving mind:
your selfe you cannot hide from me,
Although I wincke, I am not blind.

¶ The secret sighs and fained cheare,
That oft doth paine thy carefull brest:
To me right plainly doth appeare,
I see in whom thy hart doth rest.

¶ And though thou makest a fained bow,
That loue no more thy heart should nip,
yet think I know as well as thou,
The sickle helm doth guide the ship.

¶ The Salamander in the fire,
By course of kinde doth bathe his limmes:
The floating Fish taketh his desire.

In running streams whereas he swimmes.

¶ So thou in change dost take delight,
Full wel I know thy slipperie kinde:
In vaine thou seemst to dim my sight,
Thy rowling eies bewraie thy minde.

¶ I see him smile: hat doth possesse
Thy loue which once I honoured most:
If he be wise, he may well gesse,
Thy loue soon won, wil soon be lost.

to fundrie new Tunes.

¶ And sith thou canst no man intice,
What he should stil loue thee alone :
Thy beantie now hath lost her price,
For thy fauorie sent is gone.

¶ Therefore leaue off thy wonted plaie,
But, as thou art, thou wilt appeare,
Unlesse thou canst deuise a waie,
To dark the Sun that shines so cleare.

¶ And keep thy friend that thou hast won,
In trueth to him thy loue supplie,
Least he at length as I haue done,
Take off thy Belles and let thee flie.

A Sonet of two faithfull Louers, exhorting
one another to be constant.

To the tune of Kypasie.

The famous Prince of Macedon,
whose wars increas his worthy name
Triumphed not so, when he had won
By conquest great, immortall fame,
As I reioice, reioice,
For thee, my choice, with heart and voice,
Since thou art mine,
Whom, long to loue, the Gods assigne.
¶ The secret flames of this my loue,
The stars had wrought ere I was borne,
Whose sugred force my hart doth moue,
And eke my will so sure hath swoone,
that fortunes loze, no moze,
though I therefore, did life abhoze :
Shall neuer make,
Forgetfull helmes my heat to flake.

Sonets and Histories,

If that I falle my faith to thee,
O, seeke to chaunge for any newe:
If thoughtes appeare so ill in me,
If thou thy life shall iustly rewe,
Such kinde of wee, of wee:

As friende is, foe, might to me become;

Wethest thou,

O, little, wit may say to man,
When let vs ioy in this our time:
In spire of fortunes wrath, my barre:
I was tolled in ear, as death bechore,
One tour in brightet will appeare:

Quintana I will hit, will hit, will to come.

Pitman to thee, my name Thisbie,

Do thou againe, I

My constant loue shall remaine.

A proper new Daye intitled Field po Loue
and al his lawes. To the tune of a Lamber me,

Such bitter fruit thy loue hath yelde,
Such broker strokes, such hope vnlure,
Thy call to off hath me beguilde.

What I vnderstand well indure:

But erst (as) as I haue cause,

He upon words and all his lawes.

Like I in this, I fight and gruel
Withon stone walls, kept from his loue,
And as the westen Palemon, in
A thousand hosties, for thee I prayne,
Yet thou a cruel Tiger and helpe,
All latest the hart, whom thou maist help.

to sundrie new Tunes.

A craggie Rocke, the Cradle, was,
And Tigers milke sure was thy food;
Wherby Dame Nature brought to passe,
That like the Nurse should be thy mother:
And vnto and vnkinder act and fell, on
to rent the hart that loue & the well had

The Crocodile vnto stained teares,
The floure got so oft requited:
As thou hast sent me many to rases,
To her that was my light and will,
that I may say, as I sawe one, that on
the world the time, by all to lode

With then will I to the my work
And with his will my wealth to wane:
Farewell vnto kinde, I will depe backe
Such toyes as may my helth decay:

and with this cry as I have caused
his Sporn Lode and all his lawes.

The Louer being wounded with this Lade
be it requyred that many to

yled at all the time of the summer

The kinde sparkes of the set to eyes,
my wounded hart hath set on fire,
And since I can no way vnto
To with the rage of my desire,
with sighs and trembligh teares, I vnto
my deare on me some pitie hand

In be with thee, I hope such toyes, on
As one that sought his quiet rest,
vntill I felt the fethered boy,

Aye

Sonets and Histories,

My flickring in my captiue brest:

Since that time loe, in deepe dispaire,
all worde of ioy, my time I weare.

¶ The wofull prisoner Palemon,
And Troylus eke kinge Pyramus sonne,
Constrained by loue did neuer mone:
As I my deer for thee haue done.

Let pitie then requite my paines,
My life and death in thee remaines.

¶ If constant loue may reaps his hire,
And faith vnsained may purchase:
Great hope I haue to my desire.

¶ Your gentle hart wil grant me grace,
Till then (my deer) in few wordes plaine,
In pensiu thoughts I shall remaine.

The lamentation of a woman being wrong-
fully defamed: To the tune of Damon & Pirithas.

Y Du Ladies falsly demd,
of any fault or crime:
Command your pensiu harts to helpe
this dolefull tune of mine:

For spitefull men there are,
that faults would faine aspre:
Alas, what heart would beare their talke,
but willingly would die.

¶ I waile oft times in woe,
and curse mine houre of birth,
Such slanderous pangs do me oppresse,
when others ioy in mirth:

to sundrie new Tunes.

Belike it was ordained to be my destinie.

Alas what heart would heare their talk, &c.

¶ A thousand good women,
haue guiltlesse been accusede :

For verie spite, although that they,
their bodies neuer abuse :

the goodly Susana accused was falsly. alas &c.

¶ The poisoned Pancalier,
ful falsly did accuse

The good Dutchesse of Sauoy,
because she did refuse,

To grant vnto his loue,
that was so bingoodlie. Alas what, &c.

¶ Such false dissembling men,
flong with Alecos dart :

Must needs haue place to spit their spite,
vpon some guiltlesse hart :

Therefore, I must be please,
that they triumph on me, Alas, &c.

¶ Therefore, Lord, I thee pray,
the like death downe to send,

Vpon these false suspected men,
or else their minds t'amend :

As thou hast done tofore,
vnto these persons thre. Alas what, &c.

A proper Song, Intituled: Fain wold I haue
a pretie thing to giue vnto my Ladie.

to the tune of lustie Gallant.

¶ Fain would I haue a pretie thing,
to giue vnto my Ladie :

Imma

Sonets and Histories,

Inaine no thing, nor I meane no thing,
But as pretie a thing as may bee.

Tolentie iorneyes would I make,
and twentie waies would hee me,
To make aduenture for her sake,
to let some matter by me.

But I would faine haue a pretie thing,
I name nothing, no; I meane nothing,

Some do long for pretie knackes,
and some for strange devices:

God send me that my Ladie lackes,

I care not what the price is, thus saing,

Some goe here, and some go there,
where are gales be not reason:

And I goe gaping euery where,
but still come out of season.

I walke the towne, and tread the streete,
in euery corner seeking:

The pretie thinge I cannot meete,
that's for my Ladies liking.

The Mercers pull me going by,
the Silkie wines say, what lacke ye?

The thing you haue not, then say I,
ye foolish foles, go packe ye.

It is not all the Silke in Cheape,
nor all the golden treasure:

nor twentie Bushels on a heape,
can do my Ladie pleasure.

The Gravers of the golden shoules,
with Jewels do beset me.

The

to sundrie new Tunes.

The Dyemsters in the Shoppes that sowes,
they do nothing but let me: But faine, &c.

¶ But were it in the wit of man,
by any means to make it.

I could for Money buy it than, & of my cost
and say, faine was, take it. Thus, faine, &c.

¶ And, what a thing is this:

That my good, willing mistress
To finde what peece of musicke it is
that my good Lady loveth.

Thus faine would I have had this peece of thing
to give unto my Lady.

I said my harmes, no, I meant no harmes
but a peece of musicke.

A proper wooing Song, intuled: Maide

Will you love me: y e or no?
To the tune of the Marchants Daughter
went ouer the felds.

Mayde will you love me yea or no?
tell me the trothe, and let me know
It can be no less then a truefull deed,
trust me truly.

To linger, a Lover that looks to trade,

in due time, truly.
¶ You Maide that thinke you are as fine,
As Veuys and all the Dukes kinne.

The Father himselfe will be first made ma
trust me truly.

¶ Pray you for his help, like the world began
in due time duely.

Sonets and Histories,

In a name no thing, nor I meane no thing,
But as pretie a thing as may bee.

Talentie iorneyes would I make,
and twentie waies would hee take,
To make aduenture for her sake,
to let some matter by mee.

But I would faine haue a pretie thing,
I name nothing, no; I meane nothing.

Some do long for pretie knackes,
and some for straunge devices:

God send me that my Ladie lackes,
I care not what the price is, thus saies he

Some goe here, and some goe there,
where ere gales be not season:

And I goe gaping euery where,
but still come out of season.

I walke the towne, and tread the streete,
in euery corner seeking:

The pretie thinge I cannot meete,
that is for my Ladies liking.

The Mercers pull me going by,
the Silke wues say, what lacke ye?

The thing you haue not, then say I,
ye foolish wiles, go packe ye.

It is not all the Silke in Cheape,
nor all the golden treasure:

Nor twentie bushels on a heape,
that do my Ladie please.

The Oraners of the golden howes,
with shelles do beset mee.

The

to sundrie new Tunes.

The Symiters in the Shoppe that sowes,
they do nothing but let me: But saies, &c.

¶ But were it in the wit of man,
by any meanes to nupke it.

I could for money buy it, than, & of my cost
and say, saie what I will, it. Thus, saie, &c.

¶ And what a thing is this:
that my good, willing mistresse

To finde what pretie thing it is,
that my good Lady loveth.

Thus saie would I have had this pretie thing
to give unto my Ladie.

I said, what harme, now, I meant no harme,
but this pretie thing is now one

A proper wooing Song, intituled: Maide
will you love me: y e or no?

To the tune of the Marchants Daughter
went ouer the felds.

Mayde will you love me y e or no?
tell me the trothe, and let me know
It can be no less then a truefull oed,
trust me truly.

To linger a Lover that looke to make,
in due time.

¶ You saide that, I thinke you tell me as true,
As Venus and all the Gyles like.

The Father himselfe will be first made ma
trust me truly.

¶ And you for his help, like the world began
in due time duely.

Sonets and Histories,

¶ When sith Gods wil was euen so.

Why should you disdain you Louer tho?

But rather with a willing heart,

Loue him truely?

For in so doing, you do but your part,

Let reason rule ye.

¶ Consider (sweet) what sighs and sobbes,

Do nup my heart with cruell throbbes,

And al(my deer) for the loue of you,

Trust me truly :

But I hope that you wil some merite shew,

In due time duely.

¶ If that you do my case well way,

And shew some signe where by I may

Haue some good hope of your good grace,

Trust me truly :

I count my selfe in a blessed case,

Let reason rule ye.

¶ And for my part, whilst I do liue,

To loue you most faithfully, my tas I giue,

Foraking all other, for your sweet sake,

Trust me truly:

In token whereof, my troth I betake,

to your selfe most duely.

¶ And though for this time we must depart,

yet keep you this ring itt token of my hart,

til time do serue, we meet againe,

Let reason rule ye.

¶ Whē an answer of comfort, I trust to obtain,

In due time duly.

to sundrie new tunes.

Now must I depart with sighing teares,
With sobbing heart and burning eares :
Pale in the face, and faint as I may,
trust me truly :

But I hope our next meeting, a ioyfull day,
in due time duly.

The painefull plight of a Lover oppressed
with the beautifull looks of his Lady.

To the tune of, I loued her ouer wel.

WHē as thy eies, y wretched spies
did breed my cause of care :
And sisters thre did full agree,
my fatall thred to spare.

Then let these words ingrauen be,
on tomb whereas I lie,

That here lies one whom spiteful loue,
bath caused for to die.

Sometimes I spend the night to end,
in dolours and in woe :

Sometime againe vnto my pain,
my chieffest ioy doth grow.

When as in minde, thy shape I finde,
as fancie doth me tell :

Whome nowe I knowe, as proue doth
I loued thee ouer wel. (How

How oft within my wreathed armes,
desired I to folde:

The Christall cozps, of whom I ioyed,
more dearer than of golde,

But

Sonets and Histories, 63

But now disdaine, both breeds my paine,
and thou canst not denie:

But that I loved thee ever well:
that caused me to die.

The hound that ferueth his Masters will,
in ranging here and there,

The moping Horse, that labours still,
his burthen great to beare,

In lew of paine, reueres againe,
of him which did him chere:

As Nature best, wills not any least
them thankfull to be.

The Lyon and the Eagle see,
as Nature doth them chere:

For like, like love, as playne:
in stories we may finde

Those beastes that both with chere,
of friendship were so kind:

But thy reply, wills me to die:
that loved thee ever well,

Therefore, my deere, be warring still,
in sample take of these,

Which equally with love be chere,
their loving minde doth chere:

And give him life, whole death we see
approcheth to the end:

Without be chere, to ease his paine,
which loved thee ever well,

When shall thy love be the same,
where ever thou shalt goe

And

to fundrie new Tunes.
And with for ay, as for thy pay,
all Nestors yeares to know:
And I no lesse then all the rest,
I could wish thy health for ay:
Because thou hast heard my request,
and saued me from decay.

A faithfull vow of two constant Louers
To the new Rogero.

Shall distance part our loue,
or daily choice of chaunge?
Or sprites below, or Gods above,
haue power to make vs straunge:
¶ Do nothing here on earth,
that kinde hath made or wrought,
shall force me to forget.
good will so dearely bought,
¶ And for my part I vow,
to serue for terme of life:
Which promise may compare with her,
which was Vlisses wife.
¶ Which vow if I to breake,
let vengeance on me fall,
Ere plague that on the earth may raigne,
I aske not one, but all.
¶ Though time may breed suspect,
to fill your hart with toyes:
And absence may a mischief breed,
to let your wished ioyes:
¶ Yet thinke I haue a troth,
and honesty to keepe.

And

Sonets and Histories,
And weigh the time your loue hath dwelt,
within my hart so deep.

¶ And peile the words I spake,
and marke my countenance then :

And let not slip no earnest sigh,
if thou remember can.

¶ At least forget no teares,
that trickled downe my face :

And marke howe oft I wrong your hand,
and blushed all the space.

¶ Remember how I sware,
and strook therewith my breast :

In witnesse when thou partst me fro,
my heart with thee should rest.

¶ Think on the eger looks,
full, loth to leaue thy sight,

That made the signes when that she list,
to like no other wight.

¶ If this be out of thought,
yet call to minde againe,

The busie sute, the much adoe,
the labour and the paine,

¶ That at the first I had,
ere thy good will I gate :

And think howe for thy loue alone,
I purchase partly hate.

¶ But all is one with me,
my heart so settled is :

No friend, no foe, no want of wealth,
shall neuer hurt in this.

to sundrie new Tunes.

Be constant now therfore,
and faithfull to the end :

Be carefull how we both may do,
to be ech others friend.

With free and cleane consent,
two hearts in one I knit:

Which for my part, I vow to keep,
and promise not to flit,

Now let this vow be kept,
exchange thy heart for mine :

So shal two harts be in one breast,
and both of them be thine.

A sorrowfull Sonet, made by M. George
Mannington, at Cambridge Castle,

To the tune of Labandala Shot.

I Waile in wo, I plunge in pain,
with sorrowing sobs, I do complain,
With wallowing waues I wish to die,
I languish sore whereas I lie,

In feare I faint in hope I holde,
With ruthe I runne, I was too bolde :
As lucklesse lot assigned me,
in dangerous dale of destinie:

Hope bids me smile, feare bids me weep,
My seelie soule thus Care doth keep.

Pea too too late I do repent,
the youthfull yea res that I haue spent,
The retch lesse race of carelesse kinde,
which hath betwicht my woeful minde.

Sonets and Histories,

Such is the chaunce, such is the state,
Of those that trust too much to fate.

No bragging boast of gentle blood,

What so he be, can do thee good:

No wit, no strength, nor beauties hue,

No friendly sute can death eschue.

¶ The dismall day hath had his wil,

And iustice takes my life to spill:

Reuengement craves by rigorous law,

Whereof I little stood in awe:

The dolefull doom to end my life,

Bedect with care and wo, lolie strife:

And frowning iudge hath giuen his doome.

O gentle death thou art welcome:

The losse of life, I do not feare,

Then welcome death, the end of care.

¶ O prisoners poore, in tunccon deep,

Which passe the night in slumbring sleep:

Woe may you rue your youthful rate.

And now lament your cursed cate.

Content your selfe with your estate,

I mpute no shame to fickle fate:

With wrong attempts, increase no wealth,

Regard the state of prosperous health:

And think on me, when I am dead:

Whom such delights haue lewdly led.

¶ My friend and parents, where euer you be

Full little do you thinke on me:

My mother milde, and dame so deer:

My louing childe, is fettered heer:

Would

to sundrie new Tunes.

Would God I had, I with too late,
Born bred and borne of meaner estate :

O: else, would God my rechelesse eare,
Had been obedient for to heare,
Your sage aduice and counsel true :

But in the Lord parents adue.

O You valiant hearts of youthfull train,
Which heard my heauie heart complain :

A good example take by me,
Which runne the race where euer you be :

trust not too much to bilbow blade,

no: yet to fortunes fickle trade.

Hoist not your sailes no more in winde,

Least that some rocke, you chaunce to finde,

o: else be driuen to Lybia land,

whereas the Barque may sink in sand.

O You Students all that present be,

To view my fatall destinie,

would God I could requite your pain,

wherein you labour, although in vain,

if mightie God would think it good,

to spare my life and vitall blood,

For this your profered curtesie,

I would remaine most stedfastly,

Your seruant true in deed and word,

But welcome death, as please the Lord.

O Pea welcome death, the end of woe,

And farewell life, my fatall foe :

Pea welcome death, the end of strife,

Above the care of mortall life.

Sonets and Histories,

For though this life doth fleet away,
In heaven I hope to live for ay:
A place of ioy and perfect rest,
Which Christ hath purchast for the best:
Til that we meet in heaven most blest:
Adue, farewell in Jesu Christ.

A proper Sonet, of an vnkinde Damsell, to
to her faithful Louer. To, the nine Muses.

The offer that I view and see,
That pleasant face and faire beautie,
Whereto my heart is bound:
The nêr my Distresse is to me;
My health is farthest off I see:
and fresher is my wound:
Like as the flame doth quench by fire,
or streams consume by raigne,
So doth the sight that I desire,
appease my grief and paine:
Like a flie that doth hie,
and haste into the fire:
So in brief, findes her grief,
that thought to sport aspire.
¶ When first I saw those Christal streames,
I little thought on beauties beams:
Sweet venom to haue found,
But wilful wil did prick me forth,
Perforce to take my grief in worth,
that causd my mortall wound:
And Cupid blind compeld me so,
my fruitlesse hope to hide:

to sundrie new Tunes.

Wherein remaind my bitter wo :

thus stil he did me guide :

Then his dart, to my hart,

he slung with cruell fist :

Whose poison fel, I know right wel,

no louer may resist.

Thus vainly stil, I frame my lute,

Of ill sowne seeds, such is the frute,

experience doth it show:

The fault is hers the pain is mine,

And thus my sentence I define,

I hapned on a show :

And now beware, ye yongmen all,

Example take by mee :

Least beauties bait in Cupids thral, I

do catch you priuily :

So stay you, I pray you,

and marke you my great wrong,

Forsoaken, not taken,

thus end I now my song.

The Louer complaineth the absence of

his Ladie, wisheth for death,

To, the new Almaine.

Sith spitefull spite hath spide her time,
my wished ioies to end :

And drowping dread hath driven me
from my new chosen friend : (now

I can but waile the want,

of this my former ioie :

With spiteful force hath sought so long,

my blisse for to annoie,

Sonets and Histories,

¶ But though it be our chance
asunder for to be,
My heart in pawne til we do meet,
Shal stil remaine with thee:
And then we shall renew,
our sugred pleasures past:
And loue that loue, that seeks no change,
whilst life in vs do last.
¶ Perhaps my absence may,
or else some other let:
By choise of change, cause thee my dear,
our former loue forget:
And thou renounce the oth,
which erst thou vowdest to me:
My dearest blood in recompence,
thou sure shouldst shortly see.
A thousand sighs to send to thee I will not let,
For to bewaile the losse of thee, I neuer will
But stil suppose I see, (forget
the same before my face:
And louingly between my armes,
thy corpes I do embrace.
¶ Thus sad I fancie still,
for lacke of greater ioy:
With such like thoughts, which daily cōf,
my wofull heart annoy:
thus stil in hope I live,
my wished ioyes to haue:
And in dispaire oft time I wish,
my feeble Corpes in graue.

to sundrie new Tunes.

¶ This is the life I leade, til I thee see againe
And so wil do, til dreadful death,
do seek to ease my paine,
whō rather I do wish, by force to end in wo,
than for to liue in happie state,
thy loue for to forgo.

¶ And thus farewell my deere,
with whom my heart shall rest,
Remember him that this did write,
sith he doth loue thee best:
And wil til greedie death,
my daies do shorten now:
Farewel my dear, loe here my faith
and troth to thee I vow. Finis.

The Louer compareth him self to the pain-
ful Falconer. To the tune, I loued her ouer wel.

The soaring hawk from fist that flies,
her Falconer doth constraine:
Sometime to range the ground vnder
to find her out againe: (known,

And if by sight or sound of bell,
his falcon he may see:
wo ho he cries, with cheereful voice,
the gladdest man is he.

¶ By lure then in finest sort,
he seekes to bring her in:
But if that she, full gorged be,
he can not so her win:
Although her becks and bending clew,
the manie proffers makes: too

Sonets and Histories,

Who ho ho he cries, a waie she flie^s,
and so her leaue she takes.

¶ This wofull man with wearie limmes,
runnes wandring round about :

At length by noise of chattering Pies,
his hawke againe found out

His heart was glad his crie had sen,
his falcon swift of flight:

Who ho ho he cries, she emptie gorge,
vpon his Lure doth light.

¶ How glad was then the falconer there,
no pen nor tongue can tel :

He swam in blisse that lately felt
like paines of cruel hel.

His hand sometime vpon her train,
sometime vpon her brest :

Who ho ho he cries with chearfull voice,
his heart was now at rest,

¶ My deer likewise, beholde thy loue,
what paines he doth indure :

And now at length let pitie moue,
to stoupe vnto his Lure.

A hood of silk, and siluer belles,
new gifts I promise thee :

Who ho ho, I crie, I come then saie,
make me as glad as hee.

F I N I S.

15-0-0

12-0-0